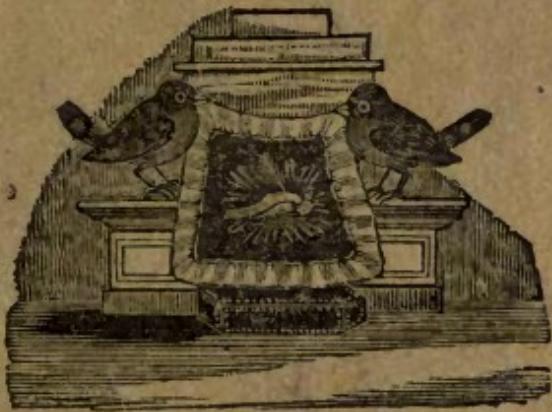


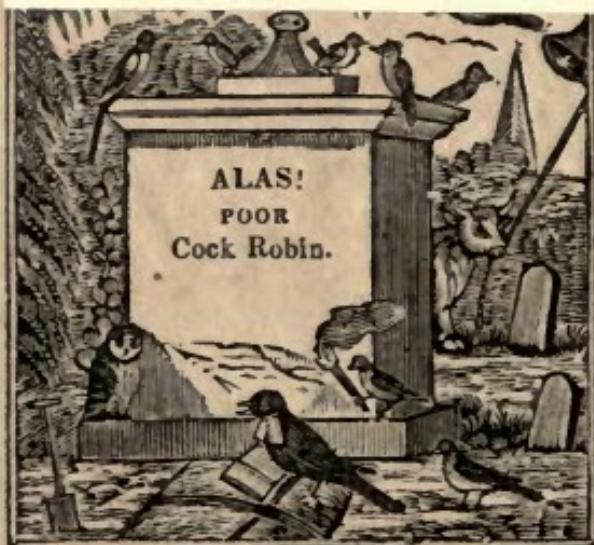
THE
DEATH AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN.



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And all the Birds in the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

THE
DEATH AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THAT BIRD, &c.



DERBY:
Printed by and for
THOMAS RICHARDSON, FRIAR-GATE.

DAHLIAE VERA.

TO

WILLIAM HENRY

FAINT TO VEGGIE TONIGHT



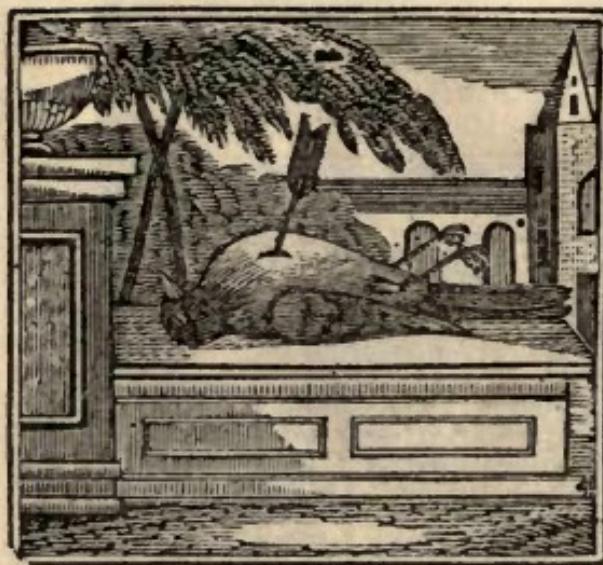
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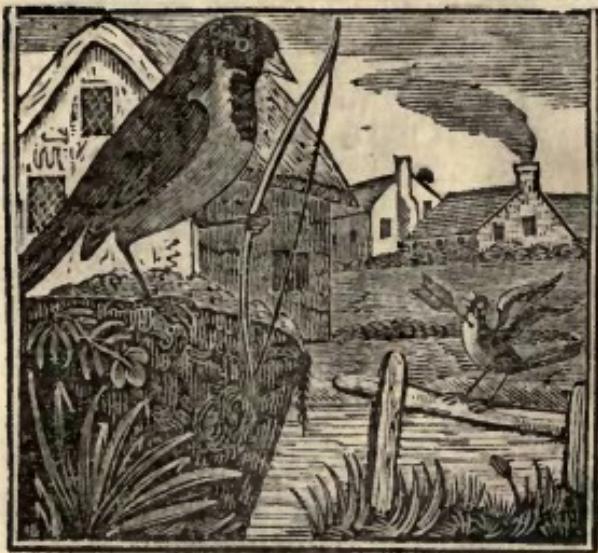
THE
DEATH AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN.



Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a tree;
He noddled with his head,
And warbl'd merrily.



Here lies Cock Robin,
Dead and cold,
His end this book
Will soon unfold.



Who kill'd Cock Robin?

I, said the Sparrow,

With my bow and arrow,

And I kill'd Cock Robin.

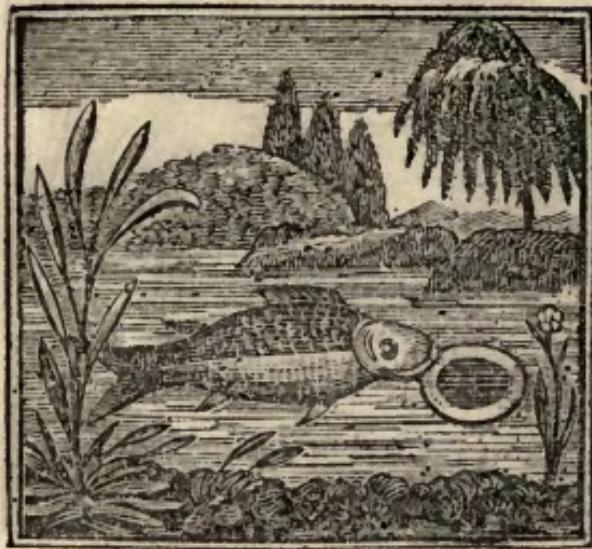


Who saw him die?

I, said the Fly,

With my little eye,

And I saw him die.

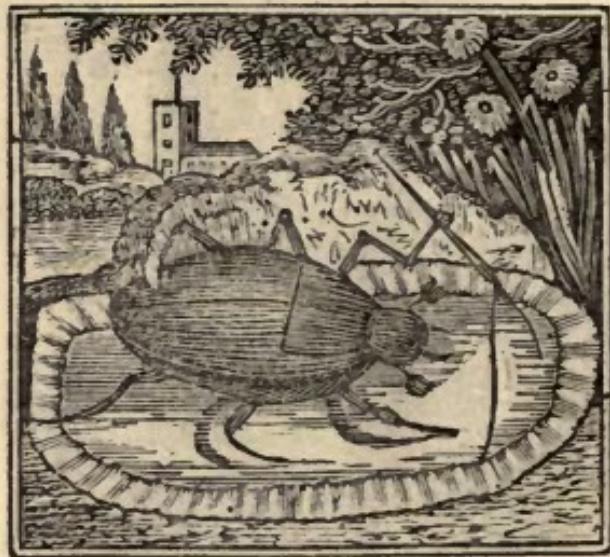


Who caught his blood?

I, said the Fish,

With my little dish,

And I caught his blood.



Who'll make his shroud?

I, said the Beetle,

With my little needle,

And I'll make his shroud.

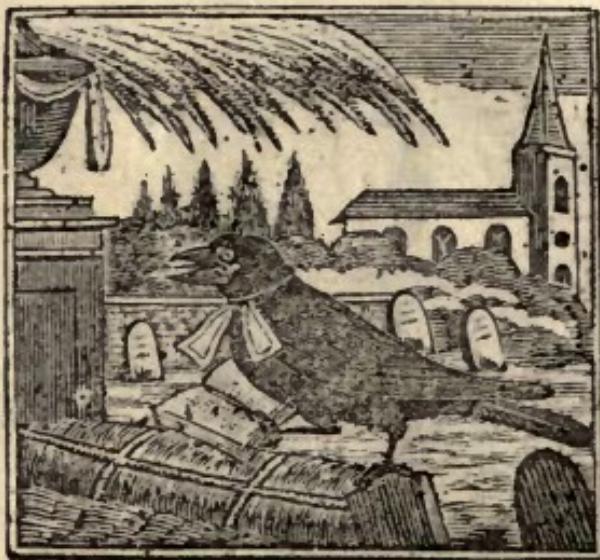


Who'll dig his grave?

I, said the Owl,

With my spade and shovel,

And I'll dig his grave.



Who'll be the parson?

I, said the Rook,

With my little book,

And I'll be the parson.



Who'll be the clerk?

I, said the Lark,

If 'tis not in the dark,

And I'll be the clerk.



Who'll carry him to the grave?

I, said the Kite,

If 'tis not in the night,

And I'll carry him to the grave.



Who'll carry the link?

I, said the Linnet,

Will fetch it in a minute,

And I'll carry the link.

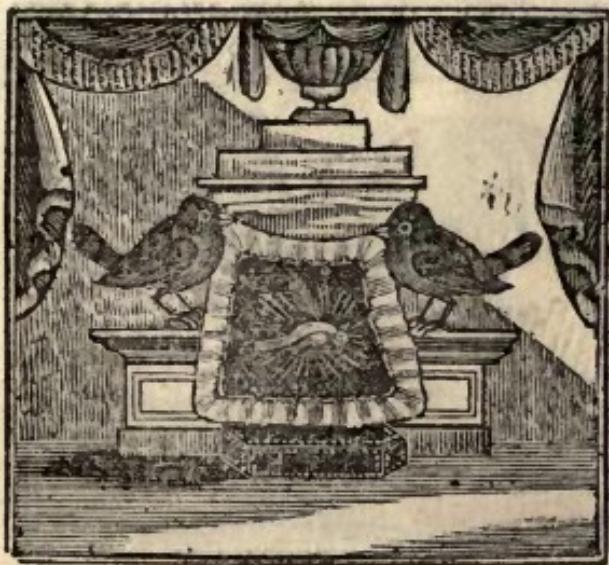


Who'll be the chief mourner?

I, said the Dove,

For I mourn for my love,

And I'll be chief mourner.



Who'll bear the pall?

We, said the Wren,

Both the cock and the hen,

And we'll bear the pall.

COCK ROBIN.



Who'll go before?

I, says Chanticleer,

For I don't fear,

I'll go before.



Who'll sing a psalm?

I, says the Thrush,

As she sat in a bush,

And I'll sing a psalm.



Who'll throw in the dirt?

I, says the Fox,

Tho' I steal Hens and Cocks,

I'll throw in the dirt.



Who'll toll the bell?

I, says the Bull,

Because I can pull,

And I'll toll the bell.

THE ROBIN'S LAMENTATION FOR
THE LOSS OF HER MATE.

THOU cruel sparrow,
Thy pointed dart
Has robbed me
Of half my heart.

Ah! he is no more
Who used with me to fly—
He is slain—he is gone—
And I follow—I die.

Having warbled out these sentiments in the most melancholy notes imaginable, she dropped from the spray and expired!



THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

THE bill of the Robin is slender and delicate; its eyes are large, dark, and expressive, and its aspect mild; its head and all the upper parts of its body are brown, tinged with a greenish olive;

the neck and breast are of a fine deep reddish orange; a spot of the same colour marks its forehead; its belly is whitish, and the legs and feet of a dusky black. It is near six inches in length from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail, the former being about half an inch, and the latter two inches and a half.

This bird, in our climate, has the sweetest song of all others: the notes of other birds are, indeed,

louder, and their inflections more capricious; but the Redbreast's voice is soft, tender, and well-supported; and the more to be valued as we enjoy it the greatest part of the winter.

During the spring the Robin haunts the wood, the grove, and the garden, and retires to the thickest and shadiest hedgerows to breed in, where its nest is usually placed among the roots of trees, in some concealed spot

near the ground. In winter it endeavours to support itself, by chirping around the warm habitations of mankind, and by coming into those shelters where the rigour of the season is artificially expelled, and where insects are found in the greatest numbers, attracted by the same cause.—The female lays from five to seven eggs, of a dull white colour, diversified with reddish streaks. Insects and worms are the principal food of

the Redbreast. The latter it very dexterously renders fit to be eaten, by taking hold of the extremity of one in its beak, and beating it against the ground till the inside comes away, and then repeating the operation with the other end, till the outer part is entirely cleansed.





ROBIN REDBREAST.

LITTLE Robin, pray come near;
 Pretty bird, you need not fear;
 I'll not hurt you I am sure,
 But some victuals will procure.
 Stay then, pretty little bird,
 You can sing I oft have heard.
 Pray then, Robin, sing to me,
 Whilst you sit upon that tree.
 If you'll sing, I'll fetch you seed,
 And from this saucer you may feed;
 I some water too will bring,
 Drawn from out the clearest spring.
 Pray then, Robin, come to me,
 And try how very kind I'll be:
 Come then, Robin, come along—
 O, dear me! the Robin's gone!

ON THE SAME.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to our humble shed;
Daily near our table steal,
While we pick our scanty meal;
Doubt not, little though there be,
But we'll cast a crumb to thee,

ON THE SAME.

WHEN winter chill'd the dreary plains,
And bound the earth in icy chains;
When not a flow'r adorn'd the ground,
And leafless trees with snow were crown'd;
A Robin came, my house to share,
And to partake my little fare.
“ Lovely Robin, come,” said I,
“ And sip my bowl most willingly.
When summer comes to wake the flowers,
And dress with pinks the shady bowers,
Then, little Robin, you shall fly,
Along the meads at liberty.”

THE LIBERATED REDBREAST,

*Taken in the beginning of January, 1827, and liberated
about the middle of April following.*

My heart is light—my heart is light;
For now on joyous wing
I hasten o'er the landscape bright,
And breathe the gale of spring.

From tree to tree I gaily roam,
And bend the budding spray ;
Forgetful of my prison-home,
And winter's tyrant sway.

With joy I hail the op'ning morn,
And frolic in its rays;
Perch'd on some dew-bespangl'd thorn,
I tune my native lays.

The daisy-flow'r, the primrose pale,
And violet purple hu'd,
Are pouring on the vernal gale
Their fragrant gratitude.

The blithsome lark on sportive wing
Now takes his upward flight,
And makes the crystal ether ring
With carols of delight.

The linnet too, his feeble throat
With tuneful rapture strains ;
The blackbird sings his loudest note
And wakes the verdant plains.

And Nature all looks smilingly,
And trims her mantle gay,
And o'er her beauties wild and free
I sport the livelong day.

My heart is light — my heart is light ;
For now on joyous wing
I hasten o'er the landscape bright
And breathe the gale of spring.



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